



**BEAUTIFUL WORLDS
AND OTHER POEMS**

.. BY ..

WILLARD MILLER





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BEAUTIFUL WORLDS

I love that quiet hour when day lies down to rest,
And evening draws her curtain in the gold and
purple west,
That he be not awakened by act of thought-
less one,
Until refreshed and strengthened, he wake
with rising sun.

Then thought soars away to those bright worlds
far above,
Shining beacons on the way to homeland of
love;
And I fancy their brightness illuminates spheres
That are dark like our own where the light
disappears.

But depths into space are not measured as yet,
Save to neighboring stars, some of which I for-
get;

But Polaris I know is one of man's friends,
Directing his course by the light that he sends.

Sirius, the Dog Star, now panting with heat,
A great, noble fellow that no others can beat;
Is leaping through ether the long day and night,
And is known as a star exceedingly bright.

Aldebaran one views in a dangerous place,
Beneath the horns of old Taurus he seems death
to face;

But there he's been shining for aeons I know,
Flashing down his clear rays on earth's children
below.

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BEAUTIFUL WORLDS

Shall we know in the future when Time is no
more,

For all measure is lost on Eternity's shore;
The force that impels those vast worlds on their
flight,
Until far into space some are lost from our sight

Shall we find forms of life existing thereon,
Or relics of beings that long have been gone;
While the homes where they dwelt are fast
crumbling away,
For like unto men even worlds must decay.

Yes, we surely shall know when all darkness is
gone,
For that knowledge will come with Eternity's
dawn;
Then shall we understand clearly the great law
force,
That sustains and controls those bright worlds
on their course.

We shall know more of Him, who created all
things,
When the soul in its freedom soars upward on
wings;
To those beautiful worlds in the Heavens above,
The Great Builder of which is that Being called
Love.

THE OLD WHISTLER

So you don't remember old blind Joe,
Who travelled our streets long years ago?
Strange how little you young folks know,
Though you deem us old ones hazy and slow.

The old whistler? Why, yes, bless your heart,
I thought as we met you seemed rather smart,
So tried you with questions; am glad I did so
Since now you recall that gift of blind Joe.

I have heard sweet strains from the stringed guitar,
Have listened with pleasure to some great star,
But no sweeter strains did I ever hear flow
Than those whistled love songs of old blind Joe.

They touched some chord in my boyish heart
That responded quick to the old man's art,
And I freely gave my penny or cent,
In exchange for a measure of heart's content.

Earth's children receive thy diversified gifts,
Some richer, some nobler, but each one uplifts
And makes the world better as aeons roll by,
Fitting men for life's duties, thus fitting to die.

No more shall we meet blind Joe on the street,
With Princes and Kings he now has a seat,
Where lowly and great meet in temple above,
And where sight is restored by fingers of Love.

LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG

Oh! beautiful lake before me,
Your waters are placid and clear,
As in bygone days I sought your side
With companions no longer here.

Never did you fail to greet us
With a smile and open arms,
And never did we grow weary
Of gazing on your charms.

At times you seemed to be angry,
When you made no little noise;
Splashing, lashing, great big fellows,
Though you never hurt us boys.

Like a mother with her slipper
Checking habits in her child,
So you sought to make us better,
Who you thought were rather wild.

Enclosed by these hills you seem safe
From the gaze of curious eye,
Yet lovers of pleasure and beauty
At last your retreat did espy.

Grand old lake, could you but speak
In language like our own,
You well might boast of harvests reaped
From the good seed you have sown.

For who can gaze upon your face,
In sunshine or in storm,
And not gain strength for noble work,
Some high resolve to form.

The years will vanish, so shall we,
While others will fill our place;
But you, dear lake, will long remain
Our own fair land to grace.

MOON LORE

Man on the moon, come down to me,
And tell me of your life,
You must be lonely there, I think,
Why don't you take a wife?

She would brighten up your face, I know,
No more would it be dark,
While we on earth might find our way
With less electric spark.

For if you had your other half,
Both sides would be so bright,
That we below would never know,
The great from lesser light.

But as the Spring days approach near,
When should we sow our peas,
I fear the vines would fruitless be,
Much like our willow trees.

And when we seers might undertake
To predicate the weather,
We all at once might be perplexed,
So all go wrong together.

But now when first you show your face,
You stand erect, we say
This month is going to be wet,
Storms now are on their way.

And if you lie upon your back,
We call you rather dry,
When if the fact were known, perhaps,
You have taken too much 'rye.'

If snow falls when you're very young
It never may remain;
In fact there is much about you, moon;
I cannot well explain,

MOON LORE

We kill our swine when you are young,
Or just begin to grow,
But if your face were always bright
That time would never know.

So on the whole perhaps 'tis best
You lead a single life,
For trouble often calls around
On one who has a wife.

PROGRESS

Onward, upward, never halting,
As the years go flying by,
Drinking from the font of knowledge,
That reflects the sunlit sky.

Spanning distance in the heavens,
Weighing massive globes of light,
Forcing streams of flowing water,
To illuminate the night.

Flashing thoughts in waves of ether,
Round the girdle of old earth,
Seeking on the slopes of knowledge,
Gems of beauty and of worth.

Higher up the cliffs before him,
Man advances year by year,
Leaving vale of superstition,
Till weird shadows disappear.

Higher, higher, scaling crag peaks,
That no other foot has trod,
Till man comprehends more clearly,
The dark mysteries of God.

RETROSPECTION

In the evening of life, as shades gather fast,
When the radiant brightness of daylight is past,
'Tis then we turn back to the dawning once more!
The spring days of life and again live them o'er.

Swift is our progress as backward we fly,
To years long ago when aspiration soared high,
Where friendship's fair flower the Forget-me-not grew,
Emblem of fidelity with its petals of blue

The days of our childhood were exceedingly fair,
Then little we knew of the burdens of care,
As we played on the green, or fished in the brook
With twine for a line and a pin for a hook.

There's the rock by the wayside where school children
played,

And the cedars near by through which we boys strayed
Till taught by our teacher, one unlucky day,
That where pleasure was gleamed pain was not far away.

Fair were the maidens who attended our school
With whom we were placed when disobeying some rule,
A punishment then but later a treat,
Beside some fair damsel to find a good seat.

How complete was our joy when one of our school
In the big spelling match, remained standing and cool
While those from a distance went down one by one,
Until we of our district a contest had won.

Many years have passed by since those happy days,
Till we know as we glance at the sun's slanting rays,
That soon we shall leave for that fair land above
Where forces controlling are vibrations of love.

But though we've grown old, and our hair changed to
grey

Since first we set forth on life's checkered way,
We yet harvest pleasure wherever we meet
Old friends tried and true whom we joyfully greet.

AN ANNIVERSARY

In this little cabin by the side of the road
Reside two worn pilgrims today,
Who have travelled life's pathway through sunshine and
shade,
Until they are aged and grey.

Far back on that roadway they have trod side by side,
Were others most gifted and fair,
Who walked for a season then tarried to rest
And lay off their burdens of care.

The years have wrought changes since their journey
began,
Men move at a much higher speed,
Old Dobbin is distanced, once king of the road,
By the auto which now takes the lead.

Men speak to each other over land and the sea,
The aeroplane hums through the air,
An increase of knowledge is everywhere seen,
Yet all men seem laden with care.

The sun shines no brighter than he did long ago,
And the sky is no bluer today.
Than back in the years when the old folks were young,
And loitered along by the way.

'Tis the sunshine of joy that starts the warm glow,
Which fills our whole being with love,
It springs not from new things we meet on life's road,
It has its clear source high above.

May these friends of ours reap pleasure each day,
In this little cabin, their own,
And recount the bright sunbeams that have gladdened
their hearts,
Through the long, long years that are flown.

ELIZA JANE

Eliza Jane walked with a cane,
As she is growing old;
She covers her head when she goes to bed
For fear of catching cold.

She started one day, her neighbors say,
To attend a village fair;
She got down hill where she stopped at a mill,
And asked for a rocking chair.

She said, I am old and have no gold
To pay the cabman's fare;
So will sit here if you don't 'keer'
And enjoy this rocking chair.

The miller was old but he had gold,
Although no wife, they say;
So it does appear, he did not 'keer'
And Eliza Jane did stay.

He asked her name, from whence she came
And whither she was bound;
Eliza sighed and then replied
Alas, I have run aground.

I have no home so needs must roam
To get my daily bread;
I hope to find some man who is kind
And will ask with me to wed.

The miller thought if he did not
Improve the shining hour;
He might regret for time misspent
And his disposition sour.

He hemmed at length and soon found strength
To make the proposition;
And now he is glad, and never sad,
And sweet is his disposition.

THE SILVER WEDDING

Hark! the wedding bells are ringing,
Listen please to what they say;
As their musical vibrations
Softly float adown the way.

With joy we ring in sweetest chords,
Our Round Delay—ding, dong,
Best wishes for this happy pair
We're chiming out in song.

Some years ago a younger pair,
Set out to walk together
The path of life where e'er it led,
Through fair or stormy weather.

Sometimes, perhaps, their way was rough,
Or passed through miry places,
And then perhaps they didn't wear
Such happy, smiling faces.

Their path has led o'er many a plain,
Through many quiet dells;
And now tonight they wed again—
Again ring out we bells.

We wish them joy as on they move
To higher plains above,
Until they reach that point unseen
The realm of perfect love.

FLIGHT OF THE YEARS

How years fly by I often heard,
From those who were looking back,
And when I turned to glance behind
I was far along life's track.

The scenes of youth were left behind,
The green fields of my childhood,
No more I pluck the flowers of May,
That blossomed in the wildwood.

But other things came in their place,
That yielded equal pleasure,
So, though the years go hurrying by,
They bring us gifts we treasure.

Passing along through the valley,
Or climbing the mountain's rough brow,
We never may halt on life's journey,
Not a moment is ours, save now.

Milestones are placed by the wayside,
As marks of our progress through space,
We never may pass them but once,
Our way we shall never retrace.

So let us pick up all the sunbeams,
That fall to brighten our way,
Then when the night shall o'ertake us
We have light for a beautiful day.

HIGH POTENTIAL

This world is leaping along today,
Where it may stop no one can say,
But woe to the man who stands in its way,
At the rapid rate it is going.
The palace car flies along through the street,
A motorcycle one is sure to meet,
With the man who cries, "I'm bound to beat,"
And on he goes a flying.
Fleet monoplanes of gigantic size,
Are sweeping through the Eastern skies,
Beneath which desolation lies,
In charred and blackened ruins.
Oh for a quiet nook somewhere
On the planet Mars with time to spare,
Where freed from all distracting care,
One might gather time for thinking.

JOE AND THE SQUIRREL

Out in the orchard at the close of the day,
When all nature was hushed, a young student lay,
Building castles in air, constructing them well,
And reading the future that but few can foretell.
Fair were those castles and the future had lore
For that lover of knowledge, ever seeking for more;
Like Cadmus the scholar, who lived long ago,
A bookworm was he, but with light all aglow.
His attention is diverted by a squirrel and cat,
That seemed to be holding an unfriendly chat,
For the squirrel was scolding in language most strong,
Reprimanding the cat for insult and wrong.
Joe had seen the squirrel descending the tree,
When he thought to himself there's a supper for me;
A little too hasty he sprang for his prey,
The squirrel moved back and was out of his way.

JOE AND THE SQUIRREL

Joe disappointed at his failure of skill,
Much like the young author who has failed with his quill,
Lay down on the ground to ponder the matter,
While the squirrel above did angrily chatter.

He abused the poor cat who had met with defeat,
And called him hard names, such as vagabond, cheat;
He poured down his wrath from flagons of ire,
But at the same time ascended still higher.

Vituperation marks a weakness in life,
The dog that barks least is the bravest in strife;
So the cat that is silent bears danger concealed,
Until his time comes when 'tis quickly revealed.

Joe listens with attention, his blood boiling hot,
But like a true soldier a muscle moves not;
He is biding his time for spring number two,
When he will show the young scamp what grimalkin can
do.

Again the squirrel is descending the tree,
Which Joe in his wisdom pretends not to see,
Slowly and with caution he is nearing the ground,
But crafty is Joe, he hears not a sound.

Now the fellow is down and away on the fence,
When Joe in an instant, with sinews all tense,
Makes a dash for the rascal just a little too late;
The squirrel finds safety so escapes a sad fate.

Avoid all extremes on the journey you are taking,
Much better the means either sleeping or waking;
Then when you've grown gray and the shadows are long,
Though your feet ofttimes falter your heart will be strong.

Confidence in one's self must not be emphatic,
For things on this earth are somewhat erratic;
The inertia perhaps is a little too great,
For in starting or stopping man often is late.

A BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY

Thanksgiving and birthday together combined;
In either alone much pleasure we find;
When united in one there's increase of joy,
Till a fellow though old feels young as a boy.

Thanksgiving you know yields a dinner complete,
And draws friends together we are happy to meet,
While we speak of the past when pleasures grew wild
And were picked up in arms by the rosy cheeked
child.

Of days when for-get-me-nots blossomed at our feet
And the notes of wild birds in the air were sweet
Thrilled our souls with delight as they played on the lawn
Or awoke us from slumber at the coming of dawn.

And yet those bright spots have not all passed away,
There are seasons or times when still we are gay
And join in the sport with relish and zest
As when from cramped finger we name her we loved
best.

At times we forget and step off on our heels
As though we were young and had springs in our legs,
But we soon pick up wisdom and slacken our gait,
Then walk with moderation although we are late.

'Tis unwise to think that gray hairs mean old age,
Or that when they appear we must step from the stage
To make room for those younger, more active and strong;
Such a notion I deem decidedly wrong

Rather let us remain and brighten their joys;
And with them be known as the girls and the boys,
Who drink from life's goblet the nectar of health,
Or pure enjoyment more precious than wealth.

A BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY

In these days of prosperity men glide along
In their automobiles, with hearts full of song;
Yet I doubt if their joys are keener than were those
Of the old pioneers, who on hill-sides repose.

But Nature transposes all things upon earth,
And conditions are changed since the days of their birth,
Till now we drink pleasure from that swift-flowing stream
Of which our forefathers could never once dream.

May this birthday of friends who were boys long ago,
And who are boys still though a little more slow
Than those I admonished when they happened to stray
From rectitude's path in their boyhood's bright day.

May it long be observed and remembered each year
With the best of kind wishes and hearty good cheer,
Till in fullness of time it be counted no more;
When these boys shall be boys on the bright 'Golden
Shore.'

LIGHT BEYOND THE VALLEY

You are bearing us on, O Father Time,
Down toward that dark valley below,
Where the sun never shines and all is cold,
In that dreary region of woe.

O why must we enter those gloomy shades,
When back on the hills above,
The skies were bright, our pathway light,
And we had many friends to love.

Father Time replied, "Those friends are gone,
Have passed through yon lonely vale,
To a beautiful land not far away,
Where the forces of life prevail."

"In that land of peace blooms the Tree of Life,
Wide-spreading and fair to behold,
There the beauty of youth shall never fade,
For never a one grows old."

"No sorrows there in that radiant land,
Where Love and life hold their sway,
No shades of night to intercept light,
And bar out the glory of day."

So, with Father Time, we are moving on,
Down toward that dark valley below,
Through which all must pass to meet those friends
That left in the long time ago.

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